Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Miſtris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how abſolute ſhee's in it,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyſe, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: ſoft, heere he comes,
I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your ſweet muſicke this laſt night:
I do proteſt, my eares were neuer better fed
With ſuch delightfull pleaſing harmony.

Per. It is your Graces pleaſure to commend,
Not my deſert.

King. Sir, you are Muſicks maſter.

Per. The worſt of all her ſchollers (my good Lord)

King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, ſir?

Per. A moſt vertuous Princeſſe.

King. And ſhee's faire too, is ſhe not?

Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

Per. I am vnworthy to be her ſchoole-maſter.

King. She thinkes not ſo; peruſe this writing elſe.

Per. What's heere, a letter, that ſhe loues the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings ſubtilty to haue my life:
Oh ſeeke not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A ſtranger and diſtreſſed gentleman,
That neuer aimde ſo hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

King. Thou haſt bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought

Of mine leuy offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your diſpleaſure.

King. Traitor, thou lyeſt.

Per. Traitor?

King. I, traitor.

Per. Euen in his throate, vnleſſe it be a King,
That cals me traitor, I returne the lye.

King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his cou

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relliſht of a baſe diſcent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cauſe,
And not to be a Rebell to her ſtate:
And he that otherwiſe accounts of me,
This ſword ſhall prooue, hee's honours enemie.

King. No? here comes my daughter, ſhe can v

Enter Thaiſa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Reſolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere ſolicite, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſillable that made loue to you?

Thai. Why ſir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?

King. Yea miſtris, are you ſo peremptoy?
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in ſubiection.
Will you, not hauing my conſent,
Beſtow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a ſtranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in blood as I my ſelfe.
Therefore heare you miſtreſſe, eyther frame
Your will to mine; and you ſir, heare you,
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you———
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips muſt ſeale it too: and being ioynd,